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**VOLUME 4
NUMBER 5**

DIAMOND

Stud



- ONE NIGHT OF BLONDE
- BEATING THE HIGH COST OF SEX
- CONCERTO FOR CONNIE

Exciting! Full Color Center Spread!

DIAMOND STUD

VOLUME 4, NUMBER 5

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Meet Miss Jones!



Not too long ago, the king of swingers himself, La Sinatra, made a jazzy ditty out of a typical party situation: Have You Met Miss Jones? Well, quite frankly, we just never really ran into an honest to real live chick by the appellation of Miss Jones. And, being ever on the inquisitive side, we decided that just as soon as our editorial research scouts could drum one up, we'd do a super special telephone type book spread on her.



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Gentlemen, meet our Miss Jones. And we're certain that even famous tastes of the most famous ratpacksman must have had something like our Miss Jones in mind when he made the song so well known.

Miss Jones is a party type, too. So it is not altogether impossible that she wasn't the lady of the song title. Our Miss Jones swings from after noon to the wee hours, and with the kind of equipment she totes around just naturally, we wonder how the poor girl can ever manage to sneak in a few hours of sleep.





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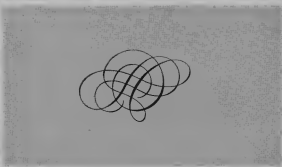
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She does, however, because it's sleep that puts her particular kind of sparkle in her eyes. But all is not partying for our Miss Jones. Between noon and the cocktail hour, it'd take a squad of Pinkerton's men to locate her, so busy is this lass filling the demands of Hollywood's top camera aces, studying acting, practicing dancing, singing, fencing, and Karate. And with that last bit, the Karate, maybe you'd rather not meet Miss Jones. Not unless ... But that's up to her!













one night of blonde

by Fred Munson

Melvin Pennyworth decided that something had to be done. Watching her walk by his desk several times a day was getting to be more than he could stand. If he could get just one date with her, maybe he could kind of get it out of his system and get his mind back on his work. But how does a little, plain looking man get a date with a tall, gorgeous blonde who has said no to even the most handsome men in the place.

Melvin rarely let himself get this far out of hand. His usually well planned, very organized life of course had its moments of good food, imbibing and lady friends, all of which at the proper times he enjoyed immensely. His twenty-eight years of being undersized and less than average in appearance had taught him that complete personal control was always absolutely essential. What he lacked in muscle, hair and stature he found he must compensate for with brains and careful planning.

But here she comes again! . . . all personal control, all brains, all careful planning completely shot down for the moment.

Oh, she was tall! Five-eight if she was an inch—and with measurements he wouldn't let himself think about. When she was coming toward you, everything moved just right — or just wrong. And when she was going away from you, it was even better — or worse.

The eyes of every man in the drafting department were upon her as she moved through the room with her head held haughtily, glancing neither

Continued on Page 26



Quiz
for
BLONDIES






Quiz for BLONDES

Plagued with one of the more obnoxious ads that slur across our television screens: "Is it true blondes have more fun?" we sent our ace interviewer to broach the question to Clair Aiwi, bosomy bundle who part times at the local pub as a cocktail waitress.



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"I can't speak for all blondes," she said in the cozy privacy of her boudoir while our photographer snapped her getting ready for work. "And I don't think I should really say anything for publication until I talk to my lawyer."







For amusement, Claire likes to ski with men, dance with men, sit around and talk with men, drink with men, and on rainy Saturday nights she just simply likes to be with men. Other hobbies? Alas, Claire has none, unless you count the picture gallery of men hanging on her bedroom wall. We stopped counting after eighty-five-hundred!





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ONE NIGHT OF BLONDE

to the right nor left. As she left they all sighed almost as one man and attempted to get back to work.

You would think that someone in the front office would realize what a distraction Julia Baumgarden could be and send a small boy as courier instead. Melvin made a mental note of that. If he ever got into the front office, he would not allow beautiful girls to be interdepartmental couriers. Only pimply-faced boys. He was certain that every one of the thirty men in the department lost a full five minutes each time she came through the room, not to mention how impaired a man's efficiency may be for quite a while later. Calculated into dollars and cents that constituted considerable waste...and Melvin hated waste.

Thinking of waste brought his thoughts immediately back to Julia Baumgarden. All that woman and no boyfriends. What waste! Something had to be done.

He would simply have to make some sort of attempt the next time she came through the room. Perhaps his helpless little boy act would appeal to her mother instinct. Most women have considerable mother instinct.

Oh, oh. Here she comes again. Well, here goes.

"May I speak to you a moment, Julia?"

She stopped a few feet from his desk, and all that blonde hair and perfume and blue eyes and woman almost made him lose his nerve.

"May I speak to you a moment, Julia?" he repeated.

"Do I know you?" Her voice was as cold as a Siberian winter, her nose was raised as if she were trying to avoid some unpleasant odor she had just dis-





one night of blonde

covered in the room, and her eyes were focused on some spot at least two feet above his head and several miles away.

"I'm Melvin Pennyworth."

"So?"

"Do you happen to have any eye drops in your desk?" He took his glasses off slowly and blinked several times, as he looked intently into her face. This usually worked, especially with tall girls. There was something about his light gray eyes when he first took his glasses off. His eyes always looked so sad and tired that girls seemed to want to pull his head to their bosoms and pat his cheek.

"Why?" she said.

There was no noticeable thaw.

"I'm having a little trouble with my eyes." He blinked several times.

"So see an optometrist." She whirled on her heel and left, taking with her everything at the moment that seemed worth having.

"Nice try, Melvin," one of the other fellows commented.

Melvin didn't answer; he pretended to be very busy on his drafting board.

Well, the little boy act certainly didn't work. She must have about as much mother instinct as a female guppy that

tries to catch and eat the baby fish as fast as she gives birth to them. This was going to take research and planning. Maybe she was a baseball fan or opera lover or something.

His research was completed by one visit to see Rosie at the reception desk. Rosie, the little middle-aged, dark-haired receptionist, hears all, sees all, knows all...and tells everything. The story on Julia Baumgarden was very simple. She comes in the west side-entrance every morning at exactly ten minutes to eight. Lives alone in a nice apartment. No hobbies. Won't date any of the fellows at work. Waiting for just one thing...a man with money.

Money. Now that was really going to take planning. He decided he had better sleep on it.

The next morning, he stopped at the reception desk again.

"Rosie, I want to leave a change of address with you. Starting tomorrow I'll be living at my new address." He handed her a slip of paper.

"I'll change the file right away, Mr. Pennyworth. Mr. Pennyworth! This says the penthouse of the Plaza Hotel!"

"Sh - I know."

Her eyes were wide, and she brought her voice down to a whisper. "Did you come into a lot of money, Mr. Pennyworth?"

Melvin glanced cautiously at the various people that were on their way in to work. "I'd rather not say."

"Oh, I won't tell a soul, Mr. Pennyworth!"

Melvin went right to his desk and tried to do some work. The tension was beginning to get to him and he was finding difficulty drawing even a straight line.

The two times in the forenoon that the gorgeous big blonde came through the drafting room, she was as haughty and unsee-

ing as ever. The afternoon was different. He caught her looking directly at him twice. Both times she glanced away quickly. She undoubtedly got the word from Rosie during the lunch period. Well, let her stew on it overnight. She had certainly had him stewing long enough.

The next morning at fifteen minutes to eight, he drove slowly along the west side-entrance in a sparkling, white, convertible Cadillac with the top down. Sure enough, there she was, walking along the sidewalk a short distance from the entrance. As he pulled up abreast of her, he almost forgot what he was doing; but not quite. He intentionally drove the white Cadillac a little too close to the car ahead and then slammed on the brakes, causing the tires to screech. At the same time, he sounded a long blast on the horn.

Out of the corner of his eye he saw her stop, her eyes open wide, saw her jaw drop. Without even as much as a glance at her, he continued on to the parking lot.

During the day, he kept his eyes very busy on his work the several times she passed his desk. Late in the afternoon he stopped her.

"Julia."

"Yes?" Almost a symphonic masterpiece with the single word.

He slowly removed his glasses and blinked several times. "My eyes again."

"It's almost quitting time," she whispered. "I have some excellent eye drops at my apartment. I'll meet you at the parking lot." The tender way she was looking at him would have melted the hardest of hearts; then she whirled and ran.

"What did she say, Melvin? What did she say?" All the fellows clustered around him.

"She said she had some eye drops."

"Melvin, old boy," one of them said, slapping him on the back and winking at the other men, "it looks like you're getting there."

"Oh, I don't know, fellows."

The ride to Julia's apartment was something like a little march of triumphance. Melvin slumped casually down in the plush leather bucket seat behind the expensive steering wheel as if he were born in a silver-mounted saddle. Julia was all love and tenderness. Melvin was always amazed how women could turn the love and tenderness on and off like it was a water faucet. Well, never mind, as long as you could figure out how to get the faucet open when you wanted.

Julia's apartment was a simple one bedroom place, and she actually did have some very good eye drops in her medicine chest.

He blinked furiously as she put the drops in his eyes; and she patted his cheek as she drew his head against her more than ample bosom.

He sighed contently. "Julia, do you have any plans for dinner?"

"None."

The music her voice could make with one word.

"Would you want to have an early dinner at my penthouse and watch the lights come on all over the city?"

"I'd love to."

The Plaza Hotel was not the smartest hotel in town, but it was a good one. The penthouse more than lived up to what you expect of a penthouse. Julia was very impressed.

Melvin excused himself for a moment and went into the master bedroom, took off his suit coat and put on a perfectly fitting maroon smoking jacket that he had purchased last night. In the smoking jacket pocket was a brand new pipe. When he reap-

peared before Julia, he had the empty pipe in his hand.

"Oh, Melvin, do you smoke a pipe?"

"Sometimes." He placed the empty pipe casually in his mouth.

"Melvin, you're a man of distinction!"

"I know."

The excellent cocktails, the delicious dinner wine, the rare filet mignon, all being served by the smartly dressed waiter in the expensive penthouse surroundings had the desired effect. By ten P. M., after the dinner was cleared away and the door safely locked behind the waiter, the faucet of love and tenderness was wide open.

At two A.M. he delivered a cuddly, purring Julia to her own apartment.

He returned to the Plaza Hotel, removed his pipe and smoking jacket from the penthouse, settled his account at the desk, and checked out. He then drove the white Cadillac to the City Auto Rentals, that was open twenty-four hours a day, and picked up his own little two door compact car.

A half hour later, in his own small bachelor apartment he made the final entries and tabulations in a small account book on a page entitled "Julia Project." He admitted that the expenditures were a bit drastic but so had been the urgency. He had let the Julia situation go on a great deal longer than usual before he had made a move to take care of it; however, he noted for future reference that the more the frustration and the longer the anticipation... the greater the satisfaction.

The next morning at work, Melvin was accomplishing more on the drafting board than he had been able to do in days. He didn't try to conceal his smug, satisfied feeling.

"Say, Melvin," one of the other draftsmen said, "I tried to call you this morning at your fancy penthouse. It seems you checked out."

"Yeah, Melvin," another one said, "I saw you drive your compact car into the parking lot today. Having your Cadillac serviced?"

Melvin didn't answer.

At that moment, Julia walked in... and the room suddenly became full of woman.

"Good morning, Julia," all thirty men answered.

"What's the matter with all you guys?" she snapped, standing very close to Melvin.

"You've been had, sister," one of them said.

"It makes me sick," another said, "He hasn't got any more money than the rest of us. That little runt just rented the penthouse and Cadillac for one night."

Melvin took off his glasses and blinked very hard, his eyes looking unusually sad and tired. She pulled his head to her bosom.

"Don't you think I know that?" she said savagely to the rest of them. "You let him alone. He knows more about how to treat a woman than all the rest of you cat-calling characters put together."

Guess she had quite a little mother instinct after all.

Ignoring all the other men, she said, "Melvin, I'd like to cook dinner for you tonight in my apartment."

"I can't, Julia," he said. "Tonight is my chess club."

"You would be a chess player," she said admiringly. "Then how about Saturday night?"

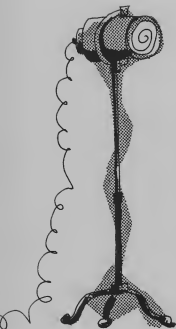
"Saturday would be fine," he said.

"Bring your smoking jacket and your pipe," she said. "You look so distinctive with them."

"I know," he said.

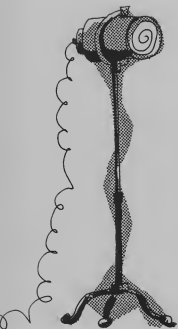
It is almost axiomatic in Hollywood that every nude model has her eyes set on a film career, a movie film career that is. Well, cast out the rule book, gentlemen, because lovely Lottie Jones just ain't havin' any.

MOVIES? NO!
MODEL? YES!



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MOVIES? MODEL?



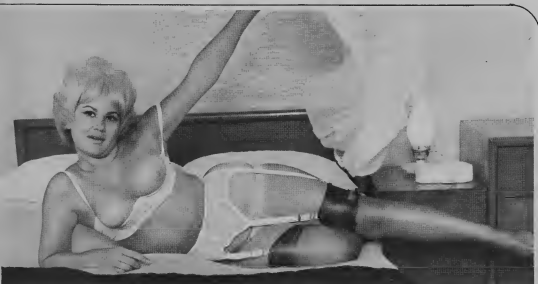
NO!
YES!





Admittedly this is a complete switcher for the gals who shed their togs for the admiration of our readers, but Lottie, who has a lot to say about the matter, puts it this way: "Why that movie-making bit is an awful lot of hard work. Those poor little gals have to get up at (shudder!) six in the morning. Sometimes that just happens to be the time I make it to my sack."









Filmoguls, however, have other plans. Right now in one of the lesser dream factories, a busy producer is polishing off his tasty contract sweets, trying to come up with the best combination of inducements that will bring Lottie's combination of charm (38-24-36 of it) to the silver screen.

"Modeling is a lot more fun," Lottie says in those duet tones that send quakes all the way back to Alaska in the male population. "All I have to do is do what comes naturally in the *au naturel*." And few gals can do it as provocatively as Lottie.











But with a nod of the great Bard Shakespeare, we might suspect that Lottie "doth protest too much," because there's nothing quite so fascinating to a movie producer as a gal who doesn't want any part of him.

Girl-watchers' consensus: Lottie in Cinemascope!







BEATING the high cost of SEX

Presenting a budget plan for
lean-pursed lotharios!

By Lon Viser

As the song says, love may be a moment's madness, ecstasy or pain, but one thing that it certainly is is expensive. Now most might think it a little crass to mention economics and amour in the same breath unless one is talking about the play for pay girls. And no doubt it is a bit gauche. Nevertheless, understanding the not-so-wealthy man about women, we have done some editorial research on the subject and we'll just let the gaucheries fall where they may.

The course of true love, economics aside for a moment, is hardly as rough as the poets make it out to be. This is especially so in the libido of the modern man. The object of true love (whatever that is) is, for the most part, so damned remote that we can ignore it entirely here. But a love, with the emphasis on the indefinite article, is very healthy male's goal whenever he sees, talks to, dates, or works with an attractive female. In short, there hardly breathes a man with libido so dead who never to himself has said: I wouldn't take her to bed!

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It's Not Only What's Up Front That Counts!

It's not often that the editors and photographers get into a hassle of any kind. Most of the time, they work together in the business of bringing our readers the most provocative and beautiful girls that can be found in the land. And pleasanter work is damned hard to come by, we hear.





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Leave him to his camera chores unsupervised and he'll fill the entire magazine with those alluring, full, upthrust appendages that have made sweaters and Maidenform famous.











Nevertheless, arguments do crop up, tempers flare, and angry voices are heard in the land of paper dolls. Oh, to be sure, it is never over one of the girls. It usually involves the hardnosed chief editor's love of legs, girl's long, tapering, female, feminine, womanly legs, or gams if you prefer. Our chief photog, on the other hand, is strictly a breast man.







high cost of SEX

Continued from Page 42

Now that it's firmly established that every man wants to bed the girl nearest him at almost any given moment, we'll venture into some of our research findings among a group of unemployed artists, writers, and just plain bums, all of whom have this single quality in common: They never lack for bedtime companionship. Belonging to a somewhat stuffy urban groups ourselves, this bedding on a budget or less attracted our inquisitive attention. Like we wanted to find out the how of the technique that we might spare our own sorely depleted financial resources from the high cost of cohabitation and, perhaps, just incidentally pass along the findings to our readers.

Generally speaking, our dead-beat Romeos all had somewhat the same approach to the problem. In the course of the interviews, we found that almost to a man these cats followed three rules: the right girl, the right places, and finally right into bed.

Taking the formula, if we may call it that, from the first "right," we probed into some of the aspects that our friends looked for in determining just which girl or type of girl is the right girl. Corny and patently obvious as it sounds, this is what we learned. The right girl, speaking now of the ideal setup, is a very wealthy girl, especially the newly wealthy girl.

Corny and obvious we said simply because a girl who is newly come into money likes to throw it around. 'Nuff said. That of course is the ideal type of wench, and, unfortunately, there is not such a helluva big brood of them hanging around. Our interviewees admit this. Fortunately, we found out, there are other girls who fall into the "right" category also. These include successful career girls, slightly older women, widows, and divorcees.

Those other "right" girls are not necessarily listed in order of preference, but we'll mention 'em that way. The successful career girl, and here the key word is successful, has much to offer the Don Juan without portfolio or bread.

She is generally wrapped up so entirely in her career that one of the foremost dangers of any courtship or affair, the desire for a wedding ring, is almost careered out of her psyche. When this gal wants a fling, she wants a fling and she'll take it where she can find it—and, fortunately for the poor bloke, she will even pick up the tab.

Being in high competition with men every workday of her life, she has developed some of our attitudes. To wit: sex is a damned necessary thing. Furthermore, and again appealing to that hidden drive that makes her want to compete with men in the first place, she will sometimes be affronted if you don't let her become a little aggressive.

There has been so much written about "older" women and young guys that we hardly need to go into it here, except to reiterate what every young man about women should have long since learned. By slightly older women, we don't necessarily mean Harry Truman's mother. In the cultism of youth that afflicts the United States, any girl over thirty falls into that category. And that, gentlemen, is one of the spiciest categories of them all, offering experience, gratitude, and wisdom enough to keep herself from expanding the population. And just to cinch the argument, consider the likes of Dietrich, a grandmother, or Rita Hayworth, the mother of a nineteen-year-old daughter!

Widows and divorcees, although usually spoken of together for one simple reason, should be discussed separately. The former can also belong to the older woman category, while generally speaking, divorcees are a bit younger. Widows have a slight edge, incidentally, for the impecunious wooer. An awful lot of them have been left bereaved but loaded with the fruits of their late husband's living labor: insurance, annuities, property, and all the other things that happiness can't buy.

We said that widows and divorcees are discussed together for one simple reason. And they are. Both have been bedded regularly during their marriages, and though there

may never be "candy coated peanuts, popcorn and a prize" in sex, one thing is true: The more you get, the more you want. And sex, we all admit, is a crackerjack way to spend one's youth.

While not often as well fixed financially as widows, divorcees do provide a stimulating diversion for the dedicated bachelor. But since we are concerned with the monetary aspects of having IT, a little investigation of the divorcees of your dreams should take place before coming to grips with her, so to speak. If she's not with much alimony, the chances are she'll want as little to do with a poor cat as he with her. On the other hand...

Next in the formula for poverty-ridden peccadillos is that all important first date. Here it must be admitted, a little bit of money is essential. You'll have to take the girl somewhere and pay for it, and, for the first date only, this includes the career girls and wealthy widows. But don't worry. In the midst of even some of the smallest burghs, there is enough free entertainment to provide an intriguing evening for any gal, especially if she has been wearily accustomed to expensive dates. Take her to the outdoor concerts, museums, art galleries, long romantic walks along the river or seashore, sandlot ball games, and the less publicized athletic events of the local college. Then, the little bit of money you have you can spend for a nice, quiet cocktail of coffee afterwards.

Assuming that this particular kind of first date approach has entertained the girl, you can institute operation number two: the private dinner at home. There is an interesting aspect about a dinner at home, be it yours or hers, and that is the undiscussed but very real understanding that you will enjoy each other in the sack. By the time the girl has agreed to having dinner at your place, or,

better yet, has invited you to her place for dinner, you have it made. And if you can keep it moving at her place, it'll only cost you an occasional trip to the local meat market for a couple of steaks.

The first quiet little dinner, however, will undoubtedly take place in your pad. This is easily understood in a somewhat psychological manner in that most women, despite what we mentioned earlier about career girls, are still a little domestic. That bit of domesticity may be almost thoroughly submerged in work or art or garden parties, but every woman has it somewhere. And her curiosity about how and where and what you live in when she doesn't see you is usually too much for the woman to resist. She will agree to come to your place, nine times out of ten, long before you are invited to hers.

Any disadvantage of her coming to your pad is offset by her certain knowledge that you're going to bed her or at minimum try just short of rape. There are real disadvantages, however, and it would be unfair not to mention them. If other girls have developed the habit of dropping in on you, you'd be better off moving rather than risking the irritation of a new amour. Then too there is pesky bit called reputation. Surprisingly, even in Gotham where myth has it that no one knows who lives across the hall, a reputation for taking different girls into your bachelor digs gets around. The landlord will complain sooner or later. And the final disadvantage of entertaining at your place is that it just costs too damned much. Let the girl pay!

Once that first quiet little dinner is behind, however, and the joys of that first time in the sack have been savored, it is time to settle down to a fairly regular schedule. And that's where her place is ideal. For some strange

reason, a tryst at the girl's place is almost hardly ever a cause for raising eyebrows, and any complaints from the landlord are usually couched in terms that spell out the fact that he'd like some of the action. That, of course, is the girl's business, and since she's paying the tariff, turn the other way.

The regular schedule of dates at her place is certainly the most attractive to a man, the poor man in particular. One of our researched gentleman-without-funds, in fact has so finely developed the technique of second and future dates at the girl's pad that he no longer even has a pad of his own. He simply moves in with the wench, supplying fulltime bedroom talent, parttime housemaid service, and scintillating conversation. Admittedly, this is a tenuous way of life. He confesses to having had fourteen different addresses in as many months. Still he does possess an impeccable technique, one that makes his hundred-dollar-a-month income worth five times that amount. His girls pay all, sometimes even for the clothes on his back, and he has a stellar wardrobe.

Not every guy will be quite so fortunate, however. For one reason or another, the girl of the moment will want to tryst with you at your place once in a while. Granted this raises the cost of bedding, but it's certainly cheaper than the tried and proven approach of courting girls who have not got the loot or the willingness to part with it for that most important of all good reasons.

Summing up, we might say, along with the group of lovers without lucre we interviewed, that it is just as easy to fall for a rich girl as a poor girl. So, we'll also say, to hell with girl next door; give us the girl that pays! And that's just about the only way to beat the high cost of wenching in this inflated era!



CREDIT ENTRY



The beautiful girls who adorn the pages of this popular men's publication come from literally all walks of life. We've shown librarians and starlets, receptionists and registered nurses, school teachers and secretaries, and, of course, the cream of the fabulous crop of professional models. But never, repeat never, have we had the pleasure of presenting for your perusal the unclad charms of a lady accountant.





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It all started last April, just before the deadline for filing taxes. Our regular accountant, a fussy old crouch who would never dream of letting an extra cocktail expense go down for business purposes, had developed a slight case of chest congestion. Naturally, since big Uncle won't wait, we hied off to the next accountant in the phone book. And lo! There was Anabel. (That's the correct spelling, incidentally, as Anabel is a frugal sort who can't stand wasting even a couple of alphabets).











Gone were our tax worries, of course, but we were faced with the problem of getting this lass into our own ledger of lovelies. How does one approach that mathematical mind, we asked ourselves?

Well, as you-can see, we managed to make Anabel an entry with listings on the credit side of a barish 40 on top, and economical 24 in the mid-region, and an eye-ball inflating 36 inches of rear guard action.

And, brother, that's all to our CREDIT—and your pleasure!





Gone were our tax worries, of course, but we were faced with the problem of getting this lass into our own ledger of lovelies. How does one approach that mathematical mind, we asked ourselves?

Well, as you can see, we managed to make Anabel an entry with listings on the credit side of a barish 40 on top, and economical 24 in the mid-region, and an eye-ball inflating 36 inches of rear guard action.

And, brother, that's all to our CREDIT—and your pleasure!











Stephen Eng

TWO FOOTFALLS

Two footfalls, where there used to be four down that hall.

Frank unlocked the apartment, and once inside crossed to the kitchen. He warmed up the last of a steak, deciding that he could learn to cook for himself. He used the table nearby: not since Friday had anyone been at the small mahogany one in the living room, not since Friday. As he ate he considered that part of learning to live alone is learning to eat slowly.

He dumped the dishes in the sink, and walked into the living room. The two-bedroom apartment was more than one man needed, it was plain to see. He would move, selling the furniture because though it was fine taste she had picked it out.

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If it's true what they say in the old song that a pretty girl is like a melody, then our mystically devastating Connie Clef is certainly a concerto.

No mere appellation of pretty could quite describe or do justice to this full orchestral work of nature. After all, Connie just has that little bit more that makes men everywhere want to sing her praises, blow their horns, and try like hell to form a duet with her.

CONCERTO FOR CONNIE!



CONCERTO
FOR CONNIE!



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But Connie is having none of that right now. And why should she when she has the whole orchestra playing for her?

With her justly famous full blown body, Connie can conduct her own affairs, keep the score, and, above all, she can detect the sour note of a phony come-on.





















"It's hard for me, Ernie. Just give me something to take, and let's not talk any more about it."

His friend walked to a cabinet and came back with a small bottle.

"Then here. Two each night."

Frank slipped it into his coat pocket. White was scratching his pen on a pad that lay by his ashtray.

"Get this at any pharmacist, you might try an all-night drug-store on your way home. Phenobarbital. It'll slow you down some, tomorrow."

"Tranquilizers? I don't need 'em."

"I just want to help you."

"I'm calm though, I'm very calm."

White's eyes looked from under thick eyebrows.

"You have got to get used to

the idea that she's gone, Frank," he said in a low voice. "Here, have a cigarette."

Frank reached and took one. His left hand moved it slowly to his lips; certainly he was not nervous.

"You know you must help yourself."

"Yes, yes, I realize. Just don't get rattled by my story. You must have listened to worse cases, I know."

White didn't answer that one, he asked one of his own. Still in that low voice.

"Frank, for her sake now. Don't you think it's better that your sister Sandra is getting married? It's smart that she quit living at your place. Think of her."

He smiled at the photo in the silver frame on the mantle and

said aloud: "Sandy, it's good it's over and I'm rid of you."

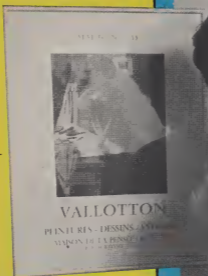
The door of their old bedroom hung open. They hadn't used the other one, her old one, in months. He stepped in. The evening had been a waste, downtown alone after work; even in the cheap bars drinks cost too much. Frank fell to the bed with his clothes on, and lay still. Suddenly his eyes opened. Smells of someone's perfume, hair and... he had had his face down in the pillow. His silk tie hung wrinkled. Tighten the knot, center it, tuck the shirttail in. And his tie clasp had come off on the bed; he slipped it back in place. Then he walked to the living room and on out the door, slamming it.

Frank had forgotten his topcoat; a wind coming up the street made him shiver. Quickly he found and unlocked his small sedan, which was cold inside, and pulled out from the curb; the neighborhood was soon behind him. It was good to be driving. He switched on his radio, spinning the selector knob back and forth. There was only instrumental music on at this hour, jazz and classical. Yet at night it's nice to hear a singer, especially a female singer or is that stupid? It would be all right at Dr. Ernie White's place; most likely he was still up, reading till midnight. Known him since that time in the Navy, years ago, he was a man you can talk to. And more than a psychiatrist, Ernie was a friend who'd listen and maybe understand.

The book-lined room felt snug, and they drank coffee by the fire. The combination could make you a new man. Some brandy in the coffee might have been good, but he wouldn't suggest it.

"You say you can't get much sleep, Frank?" White was saying.





**DIAMOND
STUD*****